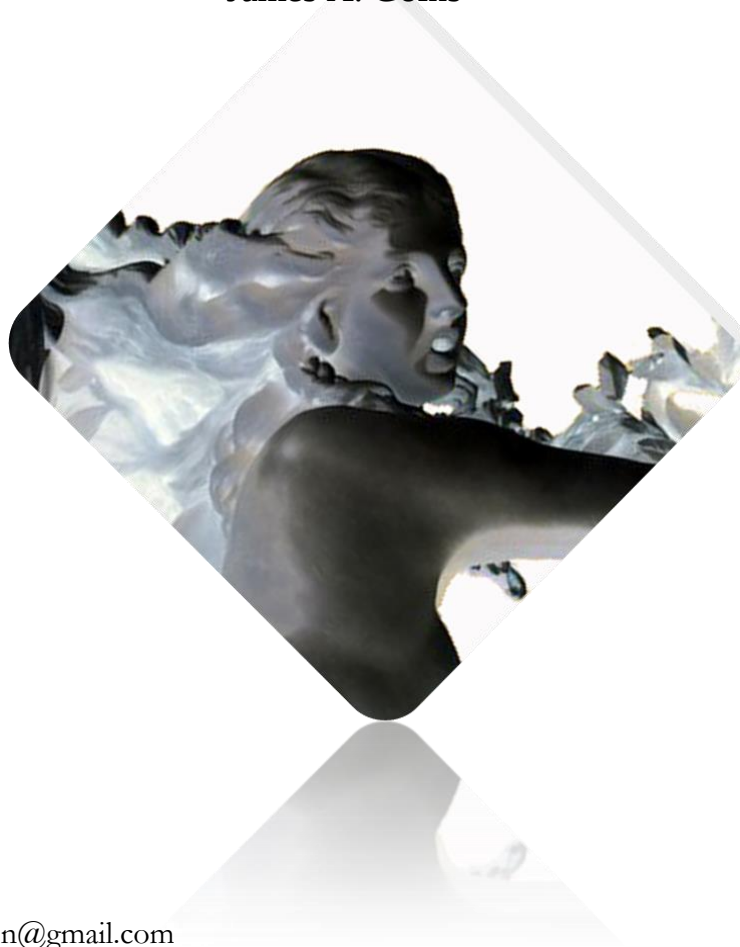


Bridget's Girl

Book and Lyrics by
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Music by
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“Bridget’s Girl”
was originally developed at New Musicals Inc.
formerly The Academy for New Musical Theatre
in North Hollywood, CA

“Bridget’s Girl”
Winner for Best Musical at the Chameleon Theatre Circle’s
Tenth Annual New Play Contest

Time: Present
Place: Bridget’s Studio

Characters

Bridget	F	Age (40 - 45)	<i>The Stymied Wife</i>
Vidal	M	Age (50 – 60)	<i>The Wise Mexican Caretaker</i>
Alberto	M	Age (18 – 21)	<i>The Modern Mexican Youth</i>
Richard.....	M	Age (40 – 45)	<i>The Disgruntled Husband</i>
Mom	F	Age (60 – 70)	<i>The Shell-shocked Grandmother</i>
Dad	M	Age (60 – 70)	<i>The Oblivious Grandfather</i>
Lucy	F	Age (40 – 45)	<i>The Dutiful Sister</i>
Annie	F	Age (16 – 17)	<i>The Rebellious Daughter</i>
Jimmy	M	Age (30 – 35)	<i>The Unfettered Painter</i>
Isabel	F	Age (25 – 30)	<i>The Exotic Model</i>

MUSICAL NUMBERS

ACT I

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. <i>In the Beginning</i> | BRIDGET |
| 2. <i>This Isn't What I Bargained For</i> | RICHARD |
| 3. <i>I Told Her</i> | BRIDGET, LUCY |
| 4. <i>I Told Her: Reprise</i> | BRIDGET |
| 5. <i>It's A Beautiful Day</i> | BRIDGET, LUCY, MOM, DAD |
| 6. <i>I'm Sick of It!</i> | RICHARD |
| 7. <i>Ignore the Bills</i> | JIMMY, BRIDGET |
| 8. <i>It Seemed Like Destiny</i> | MOM |
| 9. <i>Looking at Art</i> | RICHARD, BRIDGET,
ISABEL, JIMMY, VIDAL,
ALBERTO, ANNIE |

ACT II

- | | |
|--|----------------|
| 10. <i>I Will Paint You</i> | JIMMY |
| 11. <i>Tell Me About My Wife</i> | RICHARD, ISABE |
| 12. <i>The Little Ache Inside</i> | BRIDGET |
| 13. <i>Bridget, Can You Hear Me?</i> | RICHARD |
| 14. <i>Someday I will Take You There</i> | DAD |
| 15. <i>Each New Painting</i> | JIMMY |
| 16. <i>Why Are Girls So Mean?</i> | ANNIE |
| 17. <i>I Will Paint You: (Reprise)</i> | JIMMY |
| 18. <i>I Am A Girl</i> | BRIDGET, ANNIE |
| 19. <i>I Can Do This</i> | RICHARD |
| 20. <i>Looking at Art - Final</i> | BRIDGET |

“Bridget’s Girl” A Musical

Bridget is trying to get started on her sculpture but every time she begins to work, something interferes. A memory pops into her head; something one of her parents said makes her lose confidence; she gets a call about her daughter, Annie, ditching school again, or Richard, her husband, interrupts her to express his frustration with work. Then there’s the sexy painter down the hall, Jimmy, suggesting new possibilities and causing even more distraction.

Bridget's Girl deals with a wife's choice to recapture her artistic life after helping her husband acquire his career, raising a teenage daughter and who now questions the decisions she has made in life that challenges who she really is to her family and her identity as a person.

Length: 127 Minutes

20 numbers

5M and 5W

Set Requirements: Single Set with or without multiple levels. Props and set pieces determine locations.

ACT I**LIGHTS UP ON AN ARTIST'S STUDIO.**

A Grecian pedestal stands in the middle of the room, lit by beams of sunlight streaming down through a skylight, with blocks of clay stacked up beside it. In the same central area of the stage is a three-legged easel angled in its direction, a metal cart loaded with tools and ready for service, a goodly length of butcher paper unfurled on the floor, a red antique chair poised on spindly legs, and a tall wooden stool. Two floating wall panels stand near the back of the studio, one with a broom leaning against it and drawings of female figures tacked up all over it, and the other with a painting of a grove of olive trees hanging by a hook, alongside other empty hooks. Statuettes of lithe girls entwined with the branches and trunks of trees are scattered about. The periphery of the stage is empty.

BEFORE A SCENE BEGINS IN A NEW LOCATION, VIDAL AND ALBERTO WILL BRING OUT THE CORRESPONDING FURNITURE AND PROPS AND ARRANGE THEM IN AN EMPTY PART OF THE STUDIO. THIS MAY NECESSITATE MOVING THE EASEL, CART, CHAIR, STOOL OR WALL PANELS CLOSER TO THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM AND CAUSE THE CENTRAL WORKING AREA TO BECOME INCREASINGLY CONGESTED, ADDING TO THE ARTIST'S FEELING OF BEING BOXED-IN BY PERSONAL OBLIGATIONS AND CHRONICALLY DISTRACTED FROM DOING HER WORK.

(BRIDGET - early forties, athletic, sexy and spirited, dressed in T-shirt and jeans - stands facing the doorway. VIDAL - Mexican-American, early sixties, with a good sense of playful irony - and his grandson, ALBERTO - late teens, very handsome, with a more sophisticated style than his grandfather - enter pushing a cart loaded with more blocks of clay. BRIDGET eagerly steps forward to help unload. After a moment, VIDAL looks at her with a twinkle in his eye.)

VIDAL

Now you are ready to make your nympho.

(BRIDGET responds with mock indignation.)

BRIDGET

I told you, Vidal, she's not a nympho! She's a wood nymph...Daphne.

ALBERTO

"Nympha", in Spanish.

(BRIDGET looks at him gratefully.)

BRIDGET

Yes, "nympha"!

(She turns back to VIDAL.)

BRIDGET

You see?

VIDAL

Si!

BRIDGET

Her father changed her into a tree because he thought her life was in danger.

VIDAL

I have seen a statue like this in Mexico, of the girl who is becoming a tree.

BRIDGET

(becoming pedantic)

It must have been a reproduction of Bernini's work. He was a famous Italian sculptor who also made a statue of Daphne, "the girl who is becoming a tree."

VIDAL

The owner ask me to build a fence because the dogs like to go pee on her.

BRIDGET

Oh! Mine's going to be different. She'll be in a real sculpture garden, with NO DOGS ALLOWED.

(She adjusts the pedestal so it stands directly under the skylight. Something on the floor around the bottom of it catches her eye. She looks up at the skylight, and back down at the floor.)

BRIDGET

Vidal, why didn't you tell me the skylight leaks?

(VIDAL shrugs.)

VIDAL

How long it will take to make your statue?

BRIDGET

I took six months off from work. That's how long I have to make my statue.

(VIDAL counts on his fingers.)

VIDAL

Mayo, Junio, Julio...it never rains from May to October. We live in Los Angeles. It is a desert here.

BRIDGET

That doesn't mean it never rains.

VIDAL

That means it never rains from May to October.

BRIDGET

The weather is completely unpredictable now, with Climate Change.

(VIDAL nods solemnly and points across the room.)

VIDAL

Why you not make your nympa over there?

BRIDGET

I need lots of light to see the details.

VIDAL

(playing with her again)

What difference does it make if it will be raining?

(BRIDGET glares at him.)

VIDAL

Do not worry, Alberto and I will fix your skylight.

BRIDGET

Thank you, I'd appreciate that.

(The men exit. BRIDGET remembers her manners and calls out ineffectually to the empty doorway.)

BRIDGET

Thanks for helping me with my clay!

(She turns to look at the pedestal, as if able to see her finished creation on top of it, then sings with bravado that turns to self-doubt...)

BRIDGET

THIS COULD BE THE ONE
THE ONE THAT I AM KNOWN FOR
THAT OPENS UP THE DOOR TO MAKING MORE
THE ONE THEY CAN'T IGNORE

I PICTURE HER WHEN SHE IS FINISHED
INSIDE A LAUREL TREE
ARMS REACHING UP BECOMING BRANCHES
WHAT WILL IT TAKE TO SET HER FREE?

SHE STANDS BATHED IN AN ASTRAL LIGHT
PEOPLE HAVE COME TO SEE HER
SUDDENLY MY ROLE IS INCIDENTAL
WHAT DOES SHE HAVE TO DO WITH ME?

BRIDGET (cont'd)
BUT IT'S SO EASY IN THE BEGINNING

BEFORE THE WORK BEGINS
BEFORE THE CHIPS START TO FALL
BEFORE THE DOUBTS SET IN
BEFORE THE DEMONS COME TO CALL

THE WORK BEGINS
AND THE CHIPS START TO FALL
THEN THE DOUBTS SET IN
AND THE DEMONS COME TO CALL

BUT IN THE BEGINNING IT'S SO EASY

(She picks up a handful of markers, gets on the floor beside the butcher paper, and draws. A DOG BARK ring tone sounds. She stops and listens, waits for another ring, then raises her head.)

BRIDGET
I could be vacuuming or chopping wood.
(dog bark)
"You don't have to answer the phone, Bridget."
(dog bark)
Damn, it could be the kid!

(Irritated but happy, she jumps up and fishes around in her purse, her back to the door.)

BRIDGET
(into her phone)
Hi, what's going on?
(she listens, then...)
How do you know?

(We hear the voice of a man approaching.)

RICHARD (off-stage)
(agitated)
A teacher saw her sneaking off campus with a boy.

(RICHARD - mid-forties, handsome, sexy in nice jeans and a dark, print shirt - enters.)

BRIDGET
Was it that *Miss McFadden* again?

(She turns around and sees RICHARD. He continues to talk into his phone, as if for amplification.)

RICHARD

What the hell difference does it make? Our daughter ditched school!

(They stare at each other, then end their calls and stow their phones.)

BRIDGET

I take it she didn't answer her phone.

RICHARD

What do you think I'm doing here? Why do you think we're having this conversation?

(BRIDGET turns away and talks to herself.)

BRIDGET

We know she's not self-destructive. She's actually quite sensible. You could say she has a good head on her shoulders. She's just a little impulsive..

RICHARD

Yeah, she does crazy shit all the time! What are we going to do?

BRIDGET

There's not much we can do.

RICHARD

She could be having sex this very minute!

BRIDGET

Where, at a bus stop? On somebody's lawn?

RICHARD

I don't know. We have to go out and comb the streets of the city.

BRIDGET

We made a deal. You're the one on kid duty now.

RICHARD

This job is too big for one person.

BRIDGET

You'll get the hang of it.

RICHARD

This is an emergency!

BRIDGET

Being caught smuggling drugs across the border is an emergency. Hitching a ride on the back of a motorcycle with a Hell's Angel is an emergency. This is par for the course in a day in the life...

RICHARD

You're enjoying this, aren't you?

BRIDGET

No, I'm not. I'm worried, too. But ditching school is pretty typical, and Annie is quite sensible, with a good...

RICHARD

Bridget!

BRIDGET

She'll come back when she's done whatever it was she *had* to do, that couldn't possibly wait until after school.

RICHARD

Like losing her virginity?

(BRIDGET ponders his question earnestly.)

BRIDGET

No, I don't think it's that. She'll want to take her time doing *that*.

(RICHARD wobbles on his feet.)

RICHARD

I'm not feeling so well.

(He sits on the red chair, which teeters under his weight, then jumps back up and glares at it.)

BRIDGET

We know she's not self-destructive. She's actually quite sensible.

RICHARD

Maybe it's allergies or I'm getting a cold.

(He looks around, sees the pedestal, then goes over and collapses on top of it.)

BRIDGET

You could say she's got a good head on her shoulders...

(She sits on the red chair, which bears up well under her weight, and puts her head in her hands. RICHARD sits slumped on the pedestal with his chin on his fist like "The Thinker".)

LIGHTS DOWN ON THE STUDIO.

VIDAL and ALBERTO enter with a patio table, which they put in an empty part of the studio.

LIGHTS UP ON THE PATIO.

(BRIDGET'S DAD - late-70's, wiry and gruff, his mind alternating between clarity and confusion - enters holding a tray with a food container, utensils, and soda can. He puts the tray on the table as BRIDGET'S MOM - mid-70's, pretty but worn, large but stooped, with a minor hearing loss and knack for passive-aggression - enters with her tray.)

DAD

It's not all that warm out here, although there is still plenty of glare.

MOM

Of what?

DAD

Glare, from the sun!

(He runs his forefinger across the table and holds it up so MOM can see the dirt.)

MOM

We can go back inside if you prefer.

DAD

(grudgingly)

No, you like it.

VIDAL and ALBERTO bring in two chairs, which the old people quickly avail themselves of, oblivious to the chair-bearers.

(BRIDGET'S older sister, LUCY - mid-40's, not as pretty as BRIDGET, small and wiry like her dad, with a robust sense of self-importance and a flair for the dramatic - enters.)

Intimidated by her presence, VIDAL and ALBERTO quickly exit.

LUCY

It's lovely out here, isn't it? You can smell the sweet, lemony scent of magnolias.

DAD

That's because the damn things are hanging right over our heads.

(LUCY ignores him.)

LUCY

And look at the jacaranda.

(MOM'S and DAD'S heads swivel on command.)

LUCY

Isn't it gorgeous? I found some wool that color, on sale. I'm going to knit a sweater, for Annie.

MOM

Oh, how nice! She'll be thrilled to have a sweater made by her favorite aunt!

LUCY

I think she will.

VIDAL and ALBERTO return with two more chairs. LUCY nods to VIDAL as he moves one closer to her, then sits down as if she were royalty.

(She sees MOM staring at her tray of food.)

LUCY

What have you got in there, Mom?

MOM

Something new I found when they had Dad hooked up to that machine at the doctor's office. It's called Gulliver Stew.

LUCY

Are there little people under the crust?

MOM

I don't know.

(MOM and DAD peer into their food containers as if this were a real possibility.)

LUCY

I'm going to make you some soup, from the vegetables I'm growing in my garden. And I'll make some of that humus you like, too. It's got lots of protein.

DAD

The humus gives me gas.

(LUCY turns to MOM excitedly.)

LUCY

You have *got* to see my garden, Mom. My chard is amazing and my lettuces are unbelievable!

MOM

We'd love to see your garden, wouldn't we, Dad?

(DAD looks up with a mouthful of food and a big question mark on his face.)

LIGHTS DOWN ON THE PATIO.

LIGHTS UP ON THE STUDIO.

(BRIDGET gets up off the chair and looks at RICHARD slumped on the pedestal.)

BRIDGET

Don't wimp out on me now, Richard. We made a deal.

RICHARD

Is our DEAL about your sculpting, or not wanting to be part of a family anymore?

BRIDGET

It's about you being Point Person for our Teen, so I can enjoy the sublime sensation of getting lost in my work, a luxury you experience on a regular basis, I believe.

RICHARD

Not really, and you picked a lousy time to get lost.

BRIDGET

I got commissioned. Remember?

RICHARD

If that's what you want to call it.

BRIDGET

Anyway, isn't it about time to see what Dad has to offer?

RICHARD

I don't know what goes on in the minds of girls.

BRIDGET

Annie's a teenager. She's trying to find herself.

RICHARD

(irritated)

Great! So, my wife wants to get lost and my daughter's trying to find herself.

(BRIDGET drags the butcher paper across the floor and shoos RICHARD off the pedestal. She climbs up on top of it and tapes one end of the paper, on which she has drawn a tall, skinny tree, to the bottom of the skylight.)

RICHARD

Help me, Bridget, just this once. When we find Annie I promise I'll leave you alone.

(BRIDGET climbs back down from the pedestal and admires her work.)

BRIDGET

No, because it won't be just once. And there's nothing we can do, except play the Waiting Game...and let the stress slowly erode every single cell in our bodies.

(A thought suddenly occurs to her.)

BRIDGET

Did you text Annie or leave her a voice mail?

RICHARD

Voice mail.

BRIDGET

She never listens to them.

(She takes her phone out of her pocket.)

BRIDGET

She rarely answers her phone, never listens to voice mail, and only responds to text messages.

(She types and sends a message.)

RICHARD

You might have told me that.

BRIDGET

You might have learned that over the years.

(Her phone whistles with an incoming message. She reads it and holds up her phone triumphantly.)

BRIDGET

Our daughter's alive!

RICHARD

Thank god!

BRIDGET

I'll tell her to get her butt over here right away.
You can figure out what to do with her for the rest of
the afternoon.

(She types and sends the message as RICHARD looks
around the studio for the first time.)

RICHARD

You've got all your favorite things here, haven't
you? The stalwart little chair that stood erect as
generations fell by the wayside...

(LUCY calls out from the patio.)

LUCY

Come sit next to me, Bridget.

RICHARD

The painting that hung over your grandparents'
fireplace, gloating.

(BRIDGET crosses to The Patio and sits down in
the chair beside LUCY. RICHARD turns around and
sees that she's gone, then sings...)

RICHARD

THIS IS NOT WHAT I BARGAINED FOR
THE FRENZIED MOODS, THE DUSTY FLOOR
I THOUGHT SHE WAS THE GIRL NEXT DOOR

I NEVER GUESSED SHE WOULDN'T LIKE
SHOPPING FOR CLOTHES AND PRETTY THINGS
GOT NO THRILLS FROM GETTING FLOWERS,
CANDY, DIAMOND RINGS

WOULD THINK THAT ENTERTAINING WAS A CHORE
BE RELIEVED WHEN FRIENDS WERE DONE
AND OUT THE DOOR

I NEVER GUESSED SHE WOULDN'T LIKE
GOING ON WEEKEND GETAWAYS
WOULDN'T LIKE LAZING AROUND ON THOSE
CAREFREE SUMMER DAYS

SHE ACTS LIKE THERE ARE VOICES
 CALLING HER
 SIRENS BECKONING TO GO AND DO THINGS
 THAT SHE'D PREFER

THIS IS NOT WHAT I BARGAINED FOR
 I WANTED SOMETHING MORE

YOUR WIFE SHOULD ALWAYS
 BE THERE FOR YOU
 SHARE IN ALL THE THINGS
 THAT YOU DO
 BE HALF OF ONE
 WHERE THERE ONCE WERE TWO
 GO THROUGH LIFE
 AND SEE THE SAME WHOLESOME VIEW

WE HAVE ONLY SO MUCH
 TIME IN OUR LIVES
 WE MUST THEREFORE STAY ON
 TRACK WITH OUR WIVES
 TRACK WITH OUR WIVES

AND NOT BE CONSUMED BY URGES AND DRIVES
 TO MAKE WOOD NYMPHS WHILE OUR LIVES PASS US BY

Damn!

LIGHTS OUT ON THE STUDIO.

LIGHTS UP ON THE PATIO.

(MOM pushes her tray towards BRIDGET.)

MOM

You can have mine, dear.

BRIDGET

No, thanks, I'm not hungry.

(DAD puts his hand firmly on the tray.)

DAD

Keep the tray! All your mother cares about these days
 is coffee and dessert.

(DAD picks up his fork and digs in. BRIDGET turns to LUCY, ready to push the tray over to her, but she shakes her head vigorously.)

MOM

I'm trying to talk your father into taking a trip abroad.

BRIDGET

That's a great idea!

LUCY

Where would you like to go, Mom?

MOM

We've always dreamed of seeing Venice. Haven't we, Dad?

(She turns to DAD, but he ignores her.)

MOM

It never occurred to me wouldn't make it there.

DAD

I'm not going down surrounded by people who can't speak English.

BRIDGET

You should go! It would be so much fun!

DAD

You mother and I don't think in terms of fun. The most we can hope for at our age is interesting, which often turns to trying, and sometimes downright disastrous.

LUCY

Oh, please!

(MOM talks to herself, in her own world.)

MOM

I've completely given up on The Pyramids.

DAD

Besides, I have to stay close to my doctors.

MOM

I may never make it to Maine or Montreal.

LUCY

They do have doctors in Italy.

MOM

I doubt I'll ever see Delaware.

DAD

Yes, but they don't have all our modern techniques.

LUCY

You're right, they probably still use leeches.

BRIDGET

Although I understand they're making a comeback.

LUCY

They are!

(The sisters giggle.)

MOM

I'm sure I'll never see Cincinnati.

(DAD finally turns to her.)

DAD

You don't want to see Cincinnati. It's a terrible place.

MOM

Have you ever been there?

DAD

No!

MOM

Then what do you know?

(They glare at each other, then MOM puts her hand on DAD'S forearm.)

MOM

Come to Italy with me.

(DAD ignores her and goes back to eating. A happy thought occurs to BRIDGET.)

BRIDGET

I moved into my new studio yesterday!

MOM

What happened?

(LUCY turns to MOM and raises her voice.)

LUCY

She moved into her new studio!

BRIDGET

And my clay was delivered today.

LUCY

And her clay was delivered today!

DAD

(oblivious)

They keep these in the freezer section. You just pop them in the microwave. They're quite good.

(MOM stares at LUCY, questioningly.)

LUCY

To make her sculpture.

(Understanding finally registers on MOM'S face and she turns to BRIDGET.)

MOM

Of course to make your sculpture! Forgive me, darling!

DAD

The creamed chipped beef is quite nice, too. We serve it on toast.

MOM

Is it absolutely divine, your studio?

BRIDGET

Yes, it is!

MOM

And now you're getting paid you don't have to keep calling that thing you do a hobby.

(BRIDGET is startled by the sudden clarity of her mother's understanding. MOM slaps the side of her foot, her attention diverted by a mosquito.)

MOM

Oh, dear, I felt a bite!

DAD

I told you not to wear those ridiculous shoes. They let the bugs in. Come inside, girls.

(He loads up his tray and MOM follows suit.)

LUCY

I like it out here.

BRIDGET

I'll stay with Lucy.

MOM

Well, come inside for dessert. I've got something yummy.

BRIDGET

We'll be there soon, Mom.

MOM

I'll make a fresh pot of coffee!

(She and DAD exit. LUCY turns her chair around so she can look out at the garden, and BRIDGET does the same. They sit side-by-side facing forward.)

LUCY

They've entered a new phase of aging.

BRIDGET

I hope they take a trip before it's too late.

LUCY

It already is. Their travel muscles have atrophied beyond repair.

BRIDGET

It is kind of scary, the thought of them trying to get around in a foreign country.

LUCY

It could be Downright Disastrous!

(They laugh, and fall silent.)

LUCY

(beat)

Annie asked if she could spend the night again.

BRIDGET

She likes to take a break from reality by pretending you're her mother.

LUCY

No girl likes her mother at Annie's age.

BRIDGET

She says things that take my breath away.

LUCY

Really, like what things?

BRIDGET

That she had to raise herself, as if she were some kind of an orphan. What did she think? That her bed, her clothes, her toys, the meals I made everyday, all that driving I did, was for somebody else's benefit?

LUCY

I've always suspected Annie of having a deep lack of confidence.

(BRIDGET suddenly looks terribly sad and clears her throat to keep from crying.)

BRIDGET

She said she lay in bed night after night listening to me and Richard fight.

(BRIDGET turns to LUCY, who continues to stare straight ahead with lips pursed.)

BRIDGET

We didn't fight all that much.

LUCY

Maybe you don't think you did.

(BRIDGET turns away, frustrated.)

BRIDGET

Tell me, Luce, are there really healthy couples who don't fight? Or manage to turn conflicts into teaching moments that end in compromise and resolution? What percentage of parents can do that? 65? 75? 95? Were we really such bad parents? When is somebody going to give us our score? When do we get to see our reviews on Yelp?

LUCY

No one said it was going to be easy, but at least you have a daughter.

(BRIDGET'S body sags.)

BRIDGET

I know, I shouldn't complain to you. Being a mother was the one thing you always wanted to be.

LUCY

Yeah, and that's not going to happen.

BRIDGET

I'm so sorry, Luce.

(She gets lost in her feelings of empathy.)

LUCY

What else?

BRIDGET

Huh?

LUCY

What else did Annie say?

BRIDGET

(puzzled)

That I acted annoyed when she came into the garage, which I don't think was true. I was always so happy to see her.

LUCY

I told you not to set foot in that studio until she left for school. I said it was too risky, that she'd get jealous and it would become an issue.

BRIDGET

I don't remember ever being annoyed. I was always happy to see her. She was the sweetest little girl.

LIGHTS DOWN ON BRIDGET.

SPOTLIGHT UP ON LUCY.

(LUCY stands up and sings, looking straight ahead as if she were alone.)

LUCY

I TOLD HER
HOW TO BE A BETTER MOTHER
DON'T GIVE IN TO ALL THAT SUGAR
SHE'LL END UP DIABETIC
I TOLD HER

I HAVE LEARNED
FROM THE MISTAKES OF OTHER WOMEN
DON'T GIVE IN TO ALL THAT SHOPPING
YOU MUST SET LIMITS
I TOLD HER

DON'T BE THE KIND FOR BACKING DOWN
YOUR PRINCIPLES MUST NOT BEND
IT ONLY TAKES ONE OVERSIGHT
TO SET OFF A DOWNWARD TREND

KIDS NEED TO KNOW WHAT YOU EXPECT
IT'S MAKES THEM FEEL SAFE AND SOUND
IT HELPS IF YOUR HEAD IT SCREWED ON RIGHT
AND BOTH FEET ARE ON THE GROUND

A HEARTY SOUL IS WHAT IT TAKES
THE FORTITUDE OF PIONEERS
PARENTS ARE BOUND TO MAKE MISTAKES..
A LEGACY THAT'S PASSED DOWN THROUGH THE
YEARS

(BRIDGET stands. She, too, looks straight ahead and doesn't acknowledge LUCY as she sings.)

SPOTLIGHT UP ON BRIDGET.

BRIDGET

I ONCE KNEW A GIRL
SWEET LITTLE GIRL
SAT IN MY LAP
DOWN FOR A NAP
KIND OF GIRL

I ONCE KNEW A GIRL
SWEET LITTLE GIRL
SLEPT WITH A BEAR
UNRULY HAIR
I ONCE KNEW A GIRL
SWEET LITTLE GIRL
CLIMBED IN THE TREES
SCABS ON HER KNEES
KIND OF GIRL

I ONCE KNEW A GIRL
SWEET LITTLE GIRL
PLAYED IN THE YARD
MADE ME A CARD
KIND OF GIRL

SHE IS GONE

IF I COULD HOLD MY LITTLE GIRL AGAIN
IF I COULD FEEL HER IN MY ARMS AGAIN
AGAIN,
AGAIN, OH
AGAIN.

LUCY

IT'S NOT YOUR JOB TO MAKE HER HAPPY
SHE'LL THANK YOU IN THE END
WE KNOW THAT LIFE IS LESS THAN HAPPY
AND CERTAIN THINGS WE CAN'T MEND

BRIDGET

WHY DO WE ALWAYS LET THEM DOWN?
THESE LITTLE GIRLS THAT WE TEND?
I KNOW WHAT ALL THE EXPERTS SAY BUT
I STILL WANT TO BE HER FRIEND

LUCY
I TOLD HER

BRIDGET
SHE IS GONE

LIGHTS OUT ON THE PATIO.